

SKETCH of  
Michael Cosgrove



Written while an inmate of Dix Hill  
State Hospital, Raleigh, N. C.



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# Sketch of Michael Cosgrove.<sup>o</sup>

THIRD WARD.

DIX HILL STATE HOSPITAL,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*January 8, 1906.*

I, MICHAEL COSGROVE, was born in the year 1850, at Ballybroney, County Mayo, Ireland.

My father's name was Michael Cosgrove; my mother's maiden name was Mary Ferguson.

When I was about two years old my parents moved to Crossmolina, lived there about six weeks and then moved to Greenwood, where my father got to be herd, or shepherd, for Major Knox.

When we lived at Greenwood there were three of us children—one older and one younger than myself—all boys. After we moved to Greenwood, there were three more children born to my parents—two boys and one girl. My oldest brother died when about seventeen years of age, also one of my younger brothers when about four years of age; so my parents raised four children—three boys and one girl. I and sister are the only ones living at the present time. My sister lives in St. Louis, Mo.

I was the first one of the family to leave Ireland; I left in 1868, then eighteen years of age. I stole away from my parents and went to England—it was in the month of March. I took shipping at Sligo, which is about forty-two miles from Greenwood; I landed in Liverpool, Eng-



land. In a short time after I landed in England I got a job with a farmer by the name of Mr. Rutter, a very fine man, who lived about twenty-four miles from Liverpool. I worked there about seven weeks; work got scarce, so I went farther up into England, something over one hundred miles. I traveled on foot all the time and looked for work all along. Finally I got a job on another farm—I had made up my mind to not work anywhere but on the farm—I worked there until Christmas, and then I went home to Ireland.

I remained with my parents until March, then I went back to England to the man I last worked for, whose name was William Cook, Bluff Collingham, near Newark, Nottinghamshire, England. I worked there until Christmas 1869, then I went back home to Ireland and worked for my parents the next year, 1870.

My younger brother, Patrick, went to England that year and worked for the same man I had worked for—Mr. Cook. He came the next Christmas.

On March 2, 1871, I sailed from Liverpool for America, and landed in New York on March 17—St. Patrick's Day. I came over on the National Line of steamers; the steamer's name I came on was "*The Holland*." There was a young man by the name of Francis Walsh that came along with me. We both went to Scranton, Pa. I stopped at Scranton and went to work in the iron works. Walsh went on to Carbondale, which was about twenty miles from Scranton, as

he had an uncle living there by the name of John Walsh. But I had no friends that I knew of, although I had several cousins, also two uncles, that came to this country, but I did not know where they lived at that time.

After working at the iron works for a few weeks I was thrown out of employment, as the iron works closed down. Then I went to Carbondale, where I met my comrade, Francis Walsh. He and I boarded at the same place, John Walsh's (his uncle). I went to work on a new railroad which was being built from Scranton to Carbondale. I worked on the railroad for a few months, then I went to work in the coal mines, worked there until about September 1st.

My first cousin, James Gainley, who had been peddling in this country for a few years, wanted me to go with him, so I went. He had a partner who was waiting at this time for him in Harrisburg, Pa. They had already planned to go South, so we all went together.

My cousin wrote to Brice & Johnson, 321 Broome Street, New York, and got me \$18.00 worth of goods. When the goods came, Cousin James and myself started on foot from Scranton to Harrisburg; we traveled a few days together and then parted, but met at Harrisburg. We met Peter McGovern here, so we three started South. First, we came to Gettysburg, Pa., then to Washington, D. C. We would meet on every Saturday and separate on Monday morning. Ordered new goods every week—times were good then and we sold out nearly every week. From

Washington we came to Charlottesville, Va., from there to Lynchburg, Va., then to Danville, Va., from there to Greensboro, N. C., then Salisbury; from Salisbury we went to Charlotte, from which place we would route in and out between Salisbury until after Christmas.

When we all separated I went to Wadesboro, from there I went to Lumberton, then I came to Goldsboro, from Goldsboro I went to Raleigh. I routed it in and out to Raleigh until my cousin, James Gainley, met me in the Spring of 1872, in the month of March. We both traveled South, meeting each other every Saturday, until we came to Marion, S. C. We bought a lot in Marion—expecting to settle there—for \$700.00. We found the people so nice there, kind and friendly, that we thought we would make Marion our home. But we both went North in the summer, and Cousin James did not come South the next winter. He gave the lot up to me. I decided I would rather live in North Carolina than in Marion, S. C., so I settled in this State instead. But I still held on to the lot until after I got married in '78, then I sold the lot for \$800.00.

When I came South in '72 I never went North any more until '75, when I went back to Ireland. I traveled most of my time in North Carolina as I always liked the people and they all seemed to like me wherever I became acquainted.

I sold lots of goods at a pretty fair profit. I was getting along all right until the Fall of '74, when I lost my health and was obliged to stop



traveling. During my illness I stopped with an Irishman by the name of John Johnson, in Richmond County, about six miles north of Laurinburg. This was about Christmas 1874. I stopped there until March, 1875, and did not seem to get any better. I had a doctor from Laurinburg to attend me; he seemed to do me very little good. The ailment settled in the back of my neck and head and shoulders. I suffered a great deal; I made up my mind that there was no cure for me but death.

One night a thought came to me, that if the Lord would spare me I would return to Ireland and perform some Stations of the cross in the church. I had about \$2,000.00 saved up by this time that I had made since I came to North Carolina.

There was a place in Ireland called Kilcomming, where the people around there would go on a certain Sunday of each year to perform the Stations of the Cross. This place was about six miles from where my parents lived. It was in the month of July that those people went to Kilcomming to perform the Stations; it was called the Holy Well for some reason or other which I do not understand. I suppose the people of that part of Ireland visit this place and perform the Stations yet as they did when I was there.

The next morning after I made this promise to the Lord I could get about just as well as ever. The reader may say what he please about this, but certainly I was restored, and I am thankful to God for it; and I know there is no

one that has more right to be thankful to Him than I have. I never expect to forget it. There is not a gift I ever asked of God but what He granted. I have been into many narrow places, although I have got out of them.

When I was restored, in March, 1875, I started peddling once more, traveled until May; then I went North to see some of my friends that lived around Scranton. Pa. and Carbondale, Pa., also I met up with Miss Nannie Crowley, whose way I had paid over to this country in 1872. At one time I thought Miss Crowley and I would get married. She was a widow at this time; she had one child—a boy, I think. I wish I could meet up with her at this time, as I am a widower now. I may meet up with her some day yet, for I think we loved each other. When we were both in Ireland, she lived in Killala and I at Greenwood, about four miles away. I wish her well wherever she is.

I was getting ready to go to Ireland at this time, so I went on to New York to see some friends who were living there, before I sailed for the old country.

About the 1st of June, 1875, I went on board *The Abyssina*, of the Cunard Line; she sailed from New York for Queenstown, Ireland, and Liverpool, England. I landed in Queenstown. I got to Ballina, which is six miles away from my father's home, on June 20, 1875. I met my father in Ballina, as it was Fair Day at Ard-naree. I got home in a short time to see my mother, who was the dearest one on earth to



me at that time. I had lots of visitors to see me, as I had been away for over four years from Ireland. At that time I did not let many know what had brought me back, but I never forgot what I had come to Ireland for. I performed the Stations as I had promised our Lord before I left America.

I intended to come back to America in the fall, as the winter season was the best time to sell goods. I had one younger brother whom I had left in America; he was only a few years out.

A neighbor of ours by the name of Anthony Burke died in the month of August. His son Patrick was living in England and was on the police force there. He had not been home in about four years; they all wanted to see him. He had four sisters. I wired to him about his father's death and for him to come to Ireland. He got home the day his father was buried. I was glad to see him, for we had been in school together when we were boys. He had fifteen days off. He wanted me to go over to England with him; I told him I would go in a few weeks and take a pair of horses with me. I bought one horse from Harry McHale, of Ballymachola, and the other one from John Crigg, of Lowvally. I paid about \$200.00 for the one I got from Mr. McHale, and for the one I got from Mr. Crigg, \$125.00.

In a few weeks I started for England. I took the train at Ballina for Dublin, at Dublin I took the steamer for Liverpool; was on the

water for twelve hours. After landing in Liverpool I started up through England to Manchester—riding one horse and leading the other. When I reached Manchester, which is about thirty-six miles from Liverpool, I was offered a fair price for one of them, but did not want to sell until I got to Mr. Burke's, which was still one hundred miles further up in England. Mr. Burke was stationed as police in a country place.

I got to Mr. Burke's all right, and thought I would rest, also let the horses rest before I offered them for sale. In the meantime I got acquainted with a girl by the name of Miss Ellen Burke; she was not any relation of Policeman Burke, as she was English by birth and he was Irish. She lived in the town of Newport, Staffordshire, England, which place was six miles from where Mr. Burke was stationed.

I proposed to Miss Burke to get married. We were getting along all right until I spoke of going to America. We differed somewhat as to where we would make our home; she had good property at Newport, but I wanted to come to America as I had some property at this time in Marion, S. C. At last she agreed to come to America with me and stay a few years and then return to England.

Then I went to Wolverhampton to the horse market and sold one of my horses at a fair price. I then went back to Newport and sold the other one.

On one Sunday afternoon Patrick Burke and myself were at Newport at Miss Burke's house.

Miss Burke insisted on me staying all night at her house, so I told Mr. Burke I would not return with him. I think this was about October 1. Miss Burke and I were enjoying ourselves just as good as anyone could enjoy themselves. She told me to go and visit the graveyard, which was one mile outside of town, and when I returned she would be at Phasen's Hotel waiting for me. So I went to the graveyard—the sun was about one-half hour high. There I saw, I thought, the most people I had ever seen at one time, most of them were women and children.

When I returned to town the sun was down and I could see no one. I came to Phasen's Hotel—it was about dark then and I could see no one there—the door was open. At last Miss Burke put her head out of the second story window and invited me upstairs. I went up, but never could find her. There was not a room that I went in but what I would find something on a table in the center of the room—apples, shoes, hats or clothing. I stopped all night at the hotel. Whenever I would go outside, she would come to the window and talk to me on the ground; she fooled me several times during the night, but whenever I went inside, she was not to be found. We never saw anyone else during the whole night.

About 4 o'clock in the morning I told her I would go to Mr. Burke's. When I had gone only a few blocks from the hotel I met a man; he called me to come with him in an alleyway, where he gave me a drink—it was not yet day—



I cannot tell what it was, it did not taste like whiskey. He told me to drink that, for I had a bird in a cage and that I needed that. I think it did me good.

Early in the morning I got out to Mr. Burke's. Mrs. Burke had started breakfast. I went upstairs, thinking that I could sleep, as I had not slept any that night. I was not upstairs many minutes until I heard a carriage come up and stop and the driver called Mrs. Burke: "Has he come?" I was lying on the bed upstairs at this time. I heard Mrs. Burke answer him, saying, "Yes, he has gone upstairs to bed." I knew then it was me that she meant. I looked around the room and found a book on a table—it was broad daylight by that time—I took the book and started to read; did not read much until I had to put on my clothes and go downstairs. Breakfast was about ready now. I ate breakfast and started out with Mr. Burke. Since first I went to Mr. Burke's I always went with him on his rounds every morning; this morning I went with him as usual. We had not gone very far, scarcely a mile, before a rabbit jumped up from under my feet, it was in a country place. I, like a fool, runs after the rabbit like a fool would do, and Burke he, like another fool, runs too. Sometimes we would almost have him hemmed up, but he would get away every time. At last Mr. Burke got close to me and took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs and put them on me. The handcuffs just fitted me as though they had been made by order; they were the first I

ever had on. He took me to Eccleshire, which was about three miles to Sergeant Hall, and locked me up in jail. There I remained over night. Next morning Sergeant Hall and Mr. Burke took me to Stafford Asylum, which was twelve miles away. We went in a two-horse carriage. I was handcuffed again when we got near Stafford; then it got so dark that the horses refused to travel. I heard Sergeant Hall tell Mr. Burke that he would have to take the handcuffs off of me or they could not get through to the asylum, so Burke took the handcuffs off, and Sergeant Hall told me to stand up in the carriage and open my hands; I did as he told me, and then the light opened up like a flash of lightning, and the horses started. I remember everything just as good as if it had happened only yesterday, although it is over thirty years ago. In fact, I have forgotten nothing since I was two years old. Burke and Hall, if they are living, will tell you the same thing. This is well known in England, for there were several other things happened at the same time, of which I will not write as it is well recorded.

I spent six weeks in Stafford Asylum. This was the first time I was ever in one, so I do not remember much about it; but well do I remember what happened the first night: I turned my chamber pot inside out—it was made of rubber—the handle was on the inside next morning. When the keeper, or my attendant, saw it he asked me what I did that for. I told him the trouble I got into with Miss Burke at Newport. He

told me never to marry that girl; that I had done something that no one had ever done, nor no one would ever do again, and that I would go to Paradise. This is recorded in Stafford Asylum, and are true and solid facts.

My father had heard that I was in the Stafford Asylum. In about six weeks he came from Ireland. He went to Newport before he came to see me and heard all about Miss Burke and myself, also went to see her before he came to Stafford. Policeman Burke came along with him to the asylum. I was released as soon as they came, and we all went back to Newport to see Miss Burke. My father wanted me to marry her, but I had now made up my mind to never marry until I came back to America; so I parted with Miss Burke that evening. Took the train for Holyhead in Wales, at Holyhead we took the boat for Dublin, Ireland, where we landed next morning at 5 o'clock; stopped all that day in Dublin, left Dublin that night about 9 o'clock for Ballina, we got to Ballina about 4 o'clock next morning. I left my father in Ballina. It always seemed to me that I could get along so much better when I was by myself. I traveled a great deal at night.

I was out ten days before I was taken again. I went home to see my parents once during that time, but only stopped there a few hours. I will not state here who I used to travel with, but I always had plenty of company, and no one ever troubled me. By and by the whole world will find it out. There are two graveyards that



know it—one at home in Ireland, and one in North Carolina, in Johnston County, about twenty-five miles from Raleigh. I will not say much about those graveyards at present, later on the people will find out what this means.

Again I was caught about twelve miles from where my parents lived in Greenwood. I was taken to Ballina Barracks; kept there over night. Next day I was transferred to Castlebar Asylum, County Mayo, Ireland. This was close to Christmas, 1875. I remained in Castlebar until about September 1, 1876, when I was restored once more and got my liberty.

My brother Patrick, who I had left in America, had come home to Ireland at this time. Brother Peter, who was my parents' youngest child, was in England, working for William Cook, where I had worked in '68 and '69. My brother Patrick worked there in '70. He sent for brother Peter, and he came home to Ireland.

In one week after I was released from Castlebar Asylum, Brother Peter and I started for America. We went to Salisbury, N. C., as I had an Irish blackbird which I had brought from Ireland to John Buis. This was in the Fall of 1876.

When we landed in New York, before going South, I went to Brice & Johnson, 156 Bowery, and ordered goods, to be shipped to Salisbury. Brice & Johnson made no delay in shipping the goods. As soon they came I started out to sell them. I think I ordered about \$100.00 worth to start on. Brother Peter and I started on foot

from Salisbury for Randolph County. We traveled together for about a month. By this time we had sold out. We went back to Salisbury. I started to make money again. If anyone could sell goods I could sell some, too; it was a hard matter to find one to beat me selling goods. That is not for me to boast of, for I certainly was lucky in all my undertakings.

We left Salisbury and went farther South for the winter—went to South Carolina. Neither of us had license at this time to travel and sell goods.

We left Marion, S. C., for Lumberton, N. C. My brother and I used to part at this time every Monday and meet again on Saturday. On my route from Marion, S. C., to Lumberton, N. C., I went through Columbus County (N. C.) and met Sheriff Haines and took out license for Columbus County for six months. I went on to Lumberton and met my brother and told him that he had better go on up about Salisbury, that I had taken out license for Columbus County and would go back there. Here we parted. While I was in Columbus County I ordered goods to Whitesville. Certainly it was a good county to sell goods in; the people all seemed to be so kind and hospitable. This was in February, 1877. I stayed in Columbus County until I went to Charlotte, N. C., to meet my cousin, James Gainley, whom I had not seen since I went over to Ireland in '75. I spent a few days in Charlotte with Cousin James, then we both went to Hickory, N. C. This was the first

time that I had traveled in the mountains in North Carolina. We left there and went to Eastern Carolina.

In June I got married to Eliza Flynn, who lived in Johnston County. Her parents came from Ireland; I think they came from Kings County, near Dublin. After we were married I bought a house and lot at Wilsons Mills, Johnston County, moved to it, but I kept peddling all the time and made a comfortable living.

I think it was the Christmas of '83 that I got off again by some means or other I could never understand. Willis Parker, who was a blacksmith, swore that I was going to burn up my own house. I know that was a lie; I never intended to injure anyone, and least of all myself. I was taken to Smithfield jail; John Brinkley took me in my own horse and buggy. I remained in Smithfield jail until March, 1884. My wife and three children lived at Wilsons Mills. My wife came to visit me several times at Smithfield. I asked her did she have anything to do with having me put in jail. The answer she made me was this, "that she wished the people would let me alone." I told her to go back home and take care of those three children; that by and by I would have it just as hot for those parties as they had it cold for me.

In March I was transferred to Raleigh. Dr. Grissom was in charge at this time; John Thompson was steward. I soon went on the outside to work, was going at large most of my time, but could not see that I got any better.



My wife, also my father who was living with us then, came to see me several times.

Ever since I came to America I have spent a few years in the asylum. One evening I took French leave and walked off down to see my wife and children. They had now moved away from Wilsons Mills over on part of her father's land; he had died and left her nearly one hundred acres to her part. This place is about four miles from Wilsons Mills. One of my daughters, who is married, is living on the place now. When I went to see them I spent one week. My wife wanted me to come home to stay, but Dr. Grissom would never agree for me to go. I could not be cured as there was nothing the matter with me, and where there is no ailment no cure is needed. I have suffered punishment for other people's work, but I hope that by and by every one will have all that is coming to them.

In a few months after this I went home again. Dr. Grissom sent the sheriff after me in a week or so. Finally Dr. Grissom gave his consent to let me home on bond, as he knew he could never cure me, for there was nothing ailing me. He was not the only doctor who did not understand me; my whole life has been a mystery to many of them, and it is just the same to this day.

William Woolcott and John Walker went on my bond; these gentlemen lived in Raleigh. So I was released once more and went to work to support my wife and children. I made a good, comfortable living—working on the farm in the summer and peddling in the winter.

Now, by this time, two more children had been

born to us—making five in all. Then we moved to Selma, N. C., so I could send the children to school. I rented out my farm to Stephen Barham. I had a store, my brother Peter attending to it while I peddled. We lived at Selma about one year, where our baby was born—James Michael; he is now in St. Louis, living with his Aunt Cecilia, my only sister. He goes to school in St. Mary's Jesuit College, St. Marys. Kansas, and is only in St. Louis during his vacation.

We then moved to Durham. Had six children now—three boys and three girls. The oldest of the children went to work in Durham, and the smaller ones, that were old enough, went to school. I kept on peddling through the country, but would come home to Durham every Saturday. We were getting along all right. We moved to Durham in June, and in a few weeks before the following Christmas I got off again and was put in the Durham jail. I was kept there a few weeks and was then transferred to Morganton, N. C., to the asylum there. Here I was confined for about fifteen months. Dr. Murphy, who has since died, was in charge. He was the only one that came near understanding my trouble. My wife and six children lived at Durham during my stay at Morganton.

In the month of March, 1896, I went back to Durham. My wife and children were overjoyed that I had been restored to them once more.

I started peddling once more, got license for Granville County, but came back to Durham almost every Saturday. My family took the measles, and my wife died in June. Then I did

not know what to do. My wife's sister, a widow lady, lived next door to me; she had two daughters—Annie and Katie Ray; so I sent four of my children to live with their aunt. My oldest boy went to Johnston County and worked with Irving Murphy on the farm; my youngest girl I sent to the Catholic Orphanage at Belmont, N. C. (Gaston County, twelve miles from Charlotte), where she is at this writing, almost a grown young woman. All my children have got homes and are doing well. Two of my daughters are married and have good husbands. I trust in God that I will see them all before long. Two of my children are in St. Louis, Mo., at this writing—my oldest daughters, Mary, and my youngest son, Michael. Two boys and two girls are in North Carolina.

I have peddled ever since I lost my wife, until about five years ago. I went to work for Father Price, at Nazareth (near Raleigh), N. C.; also carried the mail from Nazareth to Method, N. C.

About three years ago last July I got off again and was put in jail at Raleigh, N. C., on Saturday and remained there until the following Tuesday, when I was transferred to Dix Hill State Asylum, where I am writing this little sketch of my life. I am under the care of Dr. McKee, who is in charge of the institution. I am hoping that I will be restored again before many days as I want to see my old friends once more, of whom I have a great number.

This is the 10th day of January, 1906. I expect to write a few more pages as soon as I am released from here.



## DIX HILL STATE HOSPITAL,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*February 16, 1906.*

Once more I thought I would write, as I have nothing else to do, although I have not been released up to this date.

I am still waiting for my discharge from the doctor, which I hope and trust in God will be granted in a short time. I do not want to leave here until I get everything solid and safe for the future. I know that all things works for the best. In God I trust. I am here in the midst of my friends, but my friends are powerless to do me any good in a place like this.

My life has been, and is now, a mystery to the whole world; it is also a mystery to myself—to be about fifty-five years old, and yet I feel as though I am only in my childhood, is something I nor no one else understands. I am happy all the time; it is my wish and my desire that all people should enjoy the same pleasure.

There is no mistake. But God's will must and will be done on earth as it is in heaven. The man, woman or child who believes in me has the same power as me. We are all God's creatures, composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of Him.

In Christ I talk;

In Rome I walk.

I was baptized when I was an infant in the Roman Catholic Church; also my wife, Eliza

Flynn, was a Catholic; she was baptized when she was an infant, as her parents were Catholics. After we were married we both were confirmed by Bishop Kane, of Richmond, Va. I hold fast to the faith of our fathers, but do not envy anyone on account of his faith. I fully believe that there are good people in all churches, as it is the Spirit of Christ after all that rules. There is no salvation outside the Church of Rome (be careful to learn what this means); all churches must take her for their mother. I never argue religion with anyone, for religion is a free gift from God and there is no mistake that everyone will be rewarded according to the deeds done. I know that God is love. Later on, people will find out their mistake, and when people whip themselves at their own game they have no one to blame but themselves, for this is the best whipping that a man or woman ever got.

I remain yours truly in Christ, but my spirit is all over the world; my body is here living at Dix Hill.

## DIX HILL STATE HOSPITAL,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*March 23, 1906.*

Once more I take the liberty to write a little more about myself. The following consists chiefly about my experiences at Dix Hill Hospital.

I am here now about four years. As far as I can see, I do not get any better. The first year that I was here I worked out on the farm along with the rest of the patients. The second year I drove the trash wagon. The third year I milked the cows. Now, I have an inside job, and hope to obtain my liberty before long. I enjoy myself the best I can.

I do not understand why the doctor is keeping me here so long. I hope and trust in God I will not die here. As far as I can see, it is a trying time all over the world between God and the Devil. I think it will last forever.

Some claim that one religion is as good as another. As for me, I do not persecute anyone for his religion; but that is what I am persecuted for; but then that is no wonder, for our fathers were persecuted for their faith. Christ said, "He who denies me before men on earth I will also deny him before my Father Who is in heaven." Raise up a child when he is young, and when he is old he will not depart from it (in the Catholic Church.)

Now, I claim no power in myself, but all power is worked through me, and the one that believes in me has just the same power that I have; it makes no difference whether he or she is black or white, rich or poor, old or young, for we are all God's creatures, composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of Him.

I can stand the Devil, but the Devil cannot stand me; therefore, I have power over him. That is, power that God has given me. I gain more power every day, both on land and sea.

There is only one way to whip the Devil, and that is by prayer; but he will bear watching until he whips himself at his own game; by and by he will do it, for he will never surrender until his head comes off; so when anyone whips themselves they have no one to blame but themselves.

I like the Devil and he likes me, but he does not like my ways, neither do I like his ways, so there is no love lost between us. I rebel against him and he rebels against me. He says his blood is too rich to come under, and I *know* my spirit is too pure to obey him. I will obey the laws of the land, as they are founded on the laws of God; the laws of man are founded on the laws of the Devil; them I will put under my feet.

I am persecuted for telling the truth, while others make a good living making and telling lies. The difference between my ways and the ways of the Devil are these: His ways are:



lying, spying, envy, hatred and malice. He is guilty of the seven deadly sins, which are: Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, envy, hatred and malice; and by and by they will take him home to hell.

My wish is different. Mine are: Joy, pleasure, happiness and good will to all, love, peace and enjoyment. Love God above all, and your neighbor as yourself for the love of God. Christ said in the Lord's Prayer, that it *would* be done on earth as it is in heaven. I say, it *must* be done. So we must have heaven and earth to fulfill Christ's wish. There is plenty of room for improvement, and will be a thousand years from now. I cannot understand how anyone that believes in the Lord's Prayer will go to hell.

## DIX HILL STATE HOSPITAL,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*June 15, 1906.*

I will once more write a few lines. I thought when I last wrote, that I would be away from here by this time, but I see that my business keeps me here yet.

It is a mystery and an impossibility for me or anyone else to understand the ways of the Devil; but I know one thing, I can stand the Devil and he cannot stand me. I am enabled to stand by the strength that God gives me from heaven.

Saint and sinner are here all together now, but by and by they will be separated—the goats will go one way and the sheep another. There will no sinner go nor enter where I go. As one makes his bed so shall he lie.

Now the longer I stop here the better I like it, and I don't see how I can leave here as long as the doctors will let me stay. I am happy all the time here among my friends; some of them have been here for over twenty years. I trust in God that all of us will get our liberty in the near future and live in peace, joy and happiness, as I know that is God's wish, and His wish will be carried out. I am at liberty every Sunday for the last two years to go to Mass over at Nazareth, which is only a mile from here, where there is a Catholic Church, which I enjoy very much to go to.

MICHAEL COSGROVE.





